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VOL. II.
NO. 31.

• LIFE •

AUG. 2,
1883.



"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK,
ON THY COLD, GRAY STONES, O, SEA!"
BROKE, BROKE, BROKE—
THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME.



VOL. II. AUGUST 2D, 1883. NO. 31.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

AFTER carefully canvassing the situation, LIFE presents the following as probable candidates for 1884:

CALIFORNIA,	{ President, Denis Kearney. Vice President, Leland Stanford. Alternate, U. S. Grant.
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LOUISIANA,	{ President, J. H. Acklen. Vice-President, William P. Kellogg. Alternate, U. S. Grant.

THE failure of the proposal to raise a credit of 230,000,000 francs in the Paris Municipality has settled it. Neither Mr. Robeson nor Mr. Thompson will go abroad this season.

SEVEN hundred and nineteen patents for fire-escapes have been issued to inventors, Messrs. Beecher and Ingersoll not included.

FROM his inability to strike that keynote, we would be led to believe that either the Democratic fog-horn is out of tune, or that Judge Hoadly plays entirely by ear.

New York Bay is just now full of sharks.—*New York Sun.*

RIGHT you are, Brother Dana, right you are. But bless your genial soul, you need n't make a fuss about it. Congress is full of 'em; so are the Legislature and Wall Street; so are Temple Court and the Mills Building and the Western Union and the City Hall, and if a few of 'em have slopped over into the Bay it is rather a good thing. There are enough of them left to make things lively.

THE superintendent of the Western Union reports that the condition of that estimable monopoly is "O. K." Does this stand for Orful Kolicky?

WITH cholera, yellow fever and Murat Halstead's campaign threatening us at one time, the outlook is indeed gloomy.

THE twelve jurors in the Dorsey case have been honorably added by the Royal College of Astronomers to the list of "fixed" stars.

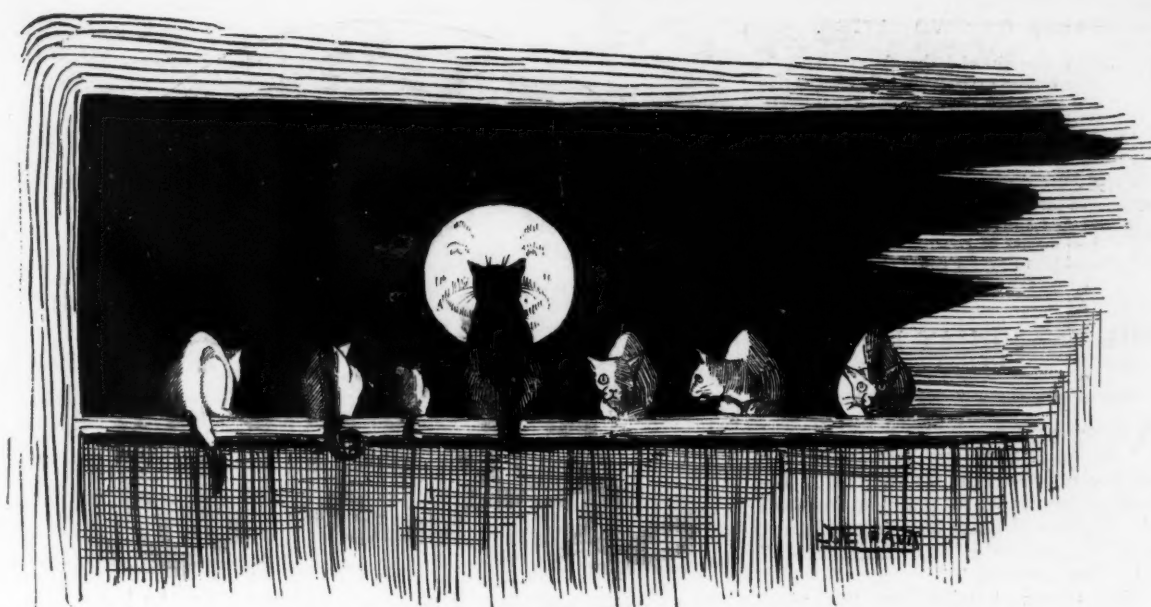
PERSONS who have seen how a plucked owl or a shaved poodle shrinks, will understand how cruel and inhuman is the edict now going forth against banged hair.

RECENT facts embolden us to back George Hoadly of Ohio to swim against Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, through the Niagara Whirlpool, the winner to take two-thirds of the gate money. Competent Democratic authorities say that no vortex in the world can suck Hoadly's head under.

AN article seriously reflecting upon Hell recently appeared in these columns, and an esteemed subscriber angrily withdrew his subscription. We regret his action, but are compelled to admire the patriotism which inspired it.

HAS any calm-minded citizen yet paused to consider what would be the result if, in the noiseless depths of the desperate West, the two great junketing caravans of Arthur and Hatch should meet, mistake each the other for a party of savages, as they could easily do, and indulge in a mutual and rough-and-tumble massacre?

THE pleasing intelligence came from Joliet, Indiana, last week, that one hundred persons were poisoned by eating ice cream, and every unmarried man in the country promptly pasted a copy of the dispatch in his hat.



A SYMPHONY.

LOCKERBIE STREET.

SUCH a rare little street it is! Nestled away
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,
In cool, shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze
That in all its wide wanderings never may meet
With a resting place fairer than Lockerbie Street.

There is such a relief from the clangor and din
Of the heart of the town, to go loitering in
Through the dim narrow walks, with the sheltering shade
Of the trees, waving over the long promenade,
And littering lightly the ways of your feet
With the gold of the sunshine of Lockerbie Street!

And the Nights that come down the dark pathways of dusk
With the stars in their tresses, and odors of musk
In their moon-woven draperies, spangled with dews,
And looped up with lilies for lovers to use
In the songs that they sing to the tinkle and beat
Of their sweet serenadings through Lockerbie Street.

O Lockerbie Street! You are fair to be seen!
Be it noon of the day, or the calm and serene
Afternoon, or the night, you are one to my heart;
And I love you above all the phrases of Art;
For no language may frame, and no lips may repeat
My rhyme-haunted raptures o'er Lockerbie Street.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

ÆSOP REVISED.

THE HARE AND THE HOUND.

A HOUND while perambulating through the wilds of Jersey
in company with a Hare-Hunter was scared half to death
by a *real* rabbit which emerged from a bush by the road-side.

After the noble dog had been brought to, a Mosquito remarked,
"You had a narrow escape, my friend." "Yes," replied the
Hound, "you may say so. I have hunted for the past fifteen
years in these regions. I have run with the Meadow Brook
Hunt after aniseed bags, time and time again; I have had my
tail shot off and my ears pierced by a crack shot from Murray
Hill; I have met every kind of hirsute animal from a Welch
Rarebit to a Missing Heir, but a real live Hare in Jersey,
Heavens! I like to died. You were right in saying that I had
a hare-breadth escape!"

After perpetrating the above the dog was so stung by remorse
and mosquitos that he surrendered his apparition.

MORAL: Never be surprised at anything that happens in
Jersey.

THE EXPONENT OF THE DARWINIAN THEORY AND THE TRANS-
PORTER OF THE DESERT.

At a Base-Ball game between the Beasts—and the game is
often played by beasts—the Monkey, who sat on first base,
put in some pretty fine work, having practised with cocoanuts,
in his native climb. The Camel who was supposed to be a dis-
interested observer of the game thought he too would like to get
his back on, and do a little showing off. As ill luck would have
it, however, he missed an easy fly, whereat the Beasts waxed
highly indignant as well as the camel and drew odious compar-
isons betwixt the case in point and the Scriptural text about
"straining at a gnat."

The Monkey gave him the last straw and after breaking his
back remarked:

"You'd better stick to hump-iring."

This saying exasperated the assembled multitude even more
than the Camel's miff, and Darwin's brother was promptly expired.

MORAL: 'T is better to be an Umpire in a Base-Ball match
than a Funny Man.

J. K. BANGS.

TALES OF TWO CITIES.

A VERY nice girl of Milwaukee
Was always excessively talky,
But when she was wed
Was mum as the dead,
And her husband declared she was balky.

A cruel old wretch in Chicago,
Refusing to let his wife's jaw go,
She got a divorce
As a matter of course,
And showed him how far could the law go.
EDWARD WILLETT.

THE SEASON AT NOODLE-
PORT.

(FROM OUR SOCIETY CORRESPONDENT).

AS the season advances Noodleport becomes more and more attractive and gayety is ever on the increase. Invitations continue to pour in from all sides and for all sorts of entertainments, from "Guess Parties" to "Casino Hops" and "Tennis Balls."

The Guess Parties are the most amusing of the evening entertainments, this year. They were invented by the Noodleport Dude Association. The number of invitations is limited to one hundred persons, selected of course from the *crème-de-la-crème* of Noodleport Society. *En passant* it might be well to quote young Wittiebrains' last *bon-mot* that "it is not strange that there should be so many milk-sops among the *crème-de-la-crème*." The guests assemble and have a dance from nine until ten when a supper is served. Immediately after supper the humorous part of the *affaire* comes. A live Dude is placed on a table in the centre of the room and the assembled multitude try to guess what it is. The one who guesses correctly gets the Dude.

There are many handsome turnouts here, and every afternoon at five o'clock the Oshun Drive and Swellview Avenue present a very animated scene. The charming Mrs. William Kay drives a spanking team of chestnuts to her phaeton. Mrs. William Kay has introduced the English custom of having her footman stand on a small platform in the rear of her carriage. Rumor has it that when Mrs. William Kay first came here she had a small tiger to stand there, but the Madame drove so fast and the boy was so light that his feet were wafted in the air like a pennant on the foremast of a yacht. The boy complained that he had his top-boots blown off every afternoon and experienced much difficulty in hanging on to the carriage, with his body "unfurled to the breezes." I notice that a heavy Englishman with pig-iron weights on his feet stands there now.

While driving yesterday with Mme. Basnoir your correspondent noticed Lord Noland taking his *fiancée* Miss Bertie-Bart who is, *par richesse*, the heiress of the season, out for an airing on his drag. After dinner



THE BELLE OF THE WOODS.

I met his Lordship coming out of the Casino, and in course of my chat with him, remarked that I had seen him driving his coach, and as the evening wore on he became very confidential.

"Ya—y—ya—as! I—aw—saw you—dwiving s'—awftnoon. But ye know that—dwag—aw—ain't mine, doncher give it away—though. Ye—see, we fellows—ovah in—aw—London get blawsted 'ard up—aw—at times, ye know, so when we're in—aw—funds we—aw—subscribe ye see to the—aw—Amewican Club. Now the—aw—Amewican Club, ye know, owns all these—aw—dwags we fellows dwive. When we lose—aw—all of our—cash, the—aw—Club, doncher see, pays our—aw—expenses ovah heah and we—aw—use the dwags and the Club's money until we can—aw—mawwy an heirwess! Then, doncher see, we—aw—endow the er—aw—Club. Ya—as! Seen Black's 'Yolande'? Ya—as. Well—aw—that 'll explain how we Lawds—aw—are wegarded ovah theah. No 'count, ye know. Sowwy, but it's—aw so! Amewica is the—aw—place f'r us, doncher know. F'yer want to mawwy an—aw—heirwess ovah heah—aw—buy a—aw—title and it's—aw—all wight, ye know. G'devening."

Polo is in full blast. The game last Saturday was intensely exciting owing to an accident that happened to Jack Longpocket who was playing beautifully for the blues. He and young de Groom were running

for the ball when Jack Longpocket was thrown from his pony and landed heavily on his head. Every one thought he was killed, but he immediately arose and mounting his pony finished the game. Dr. Killem, who examined the young man's head after his fall, stated that the blow was hard enough to have knocked his brains out, but by a blessed dispensation of Providence the young man was born without any and a terrible accident was thus averted.

The Aristocracy introduced an innovation here a few days since by taking part in a circus performance. Lord Ganderbill and Mr. Isaacs, two very well known Society gentlemen, rode a pair of polo ponies around the rink bareback. The ponies were roller-skates. At a given signal a few imported Indians, with a strange brogue, attacked them with war-whoops. The riders heroically repulsed their assailants, but had it not been for the timely arrival of Buffalo Bull and Dr. Cutter with an extra allowance of hair and an assortment of yells there is no telling what would have happened. As it was the nobleman was hit hard by one of the war whoops and hurt about the head. Some people think the affair was a grand success, while Mrs. Grundy remarked "the gentlemen made geese of themselves, but what else could you expect from a Ganderbill?"

I met the lovely Lady Imogene, widow of the late Lord Deliverus, at the deBullpup's dinner last evening. Lady Imogene is said to be the handsomest woman in Noodleport to-day, but as for myself I should award the palm for beauty to the Hon. Mrs. Clifton Seabreeze. (Be sure and get this in. It is paid for!)

Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke Thorndike, of Diketown, Dikota, are at the Lawn-Moore's Cottage on Gold St.

George Bonton and his lovely sister Miss Janet Bonton have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Finecut on the cliff.

Among those registered at the Notion House are John Talker, M. C.; J. Jams Jones; Judge Nolas from Texas; Marquis of Cucumbri, who is reported engaged to Madame Greene; Signora Cholera Keepoff; Constantine Orfulritch of St. Petersburg; and John Jenkins from Elm Cove.

J. K. B.

A PROPOSAL.

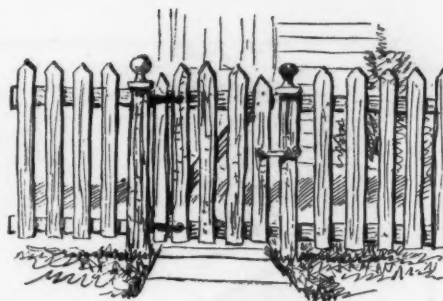
"PADDLE your own canoe,"
They told me long ago;
In mine there's room for two—
Will you a-boating go?

P.

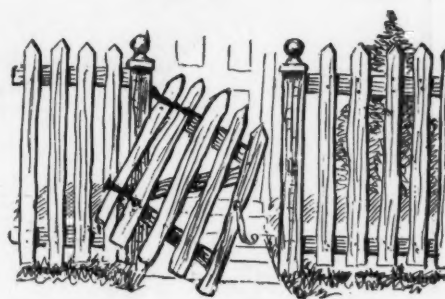
TEMPERANCE IN THE WEST.

It was recently stated that total abstinence had gained great victories in Michigan, but the report from Detroit that a serpent forty feet long and four feet thick was seen by seven eminent citizens would seem to indicate that the good work had met with a set back.

THE SEASONS.



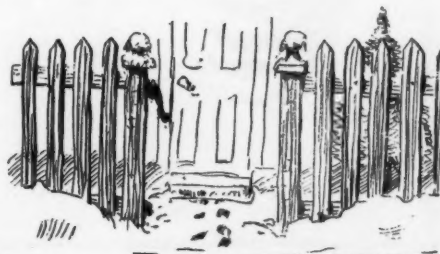
SPRING.



SUMMER.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.

· LIFE ·





IS THIS A TIME FOR SLEEP?

THE SHARK'S SONNET.

ARGUMENT.

A hopeless passion—Oh so mighty!
For a maiden made of *lignum vite*.

I'VE traversed the Atlantic,
I've skimmed the Carribee,
The Good Hope shore I've passed before,
I've ploughed the Arctic sea.

From port to port, from flood to flood,
Wherever ship doth go,
From India's strands to Norseman's lands,
From Thames, to Hoang Ho.

The star fish asks me why I roam,
The conger queries why,
And mermaids fair, stop work and stare
As I go rushing by.

The porpoise bids me stop and rest,
The syrens call to me;
But no! but no! I still must go,
Nor linger in the sea.

My eyes wax dim, my tail grows lax,
And feeble are my jaws,
Yet I must roam, *sans* rest and home—
For me, for me no pause.

There is a bark from Kennybunk,
That sails, and sails away;
And 'neath her sprit a maid doth sit
That is more fair than day.

There is no blush on *her* cheek,
Its hue is of the snow;
Her chiseled nose, like laundried clo'es,
Is purest white also.

One day—alas! a fatal day,
That bark from Kennybunk,
On starboard tack, ran 'cross my track,
'T was then my heart was sunk.

For, looking up, I saw the maid
Right there, beneath the bow;
I felt the thing that poets sing,
It came—I know not how.

And to be ever at her side,
I've journeyed with the bark,
From shore to shore, vast oceans o'er,
A servile suitor shark.

No other fish that skims the main,
No trout that leaps the rill,
Can me excel—nor swim as well—
I've wondrous grace and skill.



THE OCEAN STEAMER—No. 5.

WAITING FOR THE MALE.

But there she sits, that maiden cold,
I cannot catch her eye,
I wheel, I splash, I make a dash,
In vain—she'll not espy.

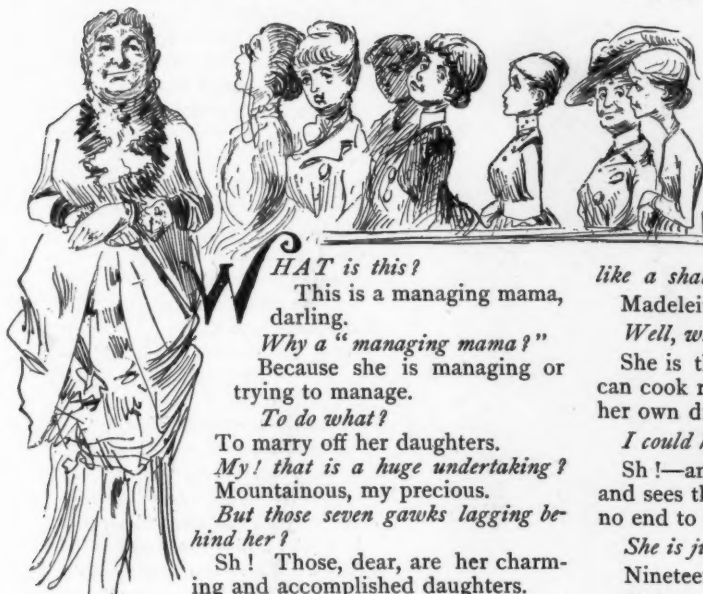
Yes! There she sits, with eye intent
Upon some distant spot.
Oh, can it be, she looks to see
A rival? Cruel lot!

If she doth not relent, and gaze
Upon me as I flit,
I'll say, with moan, go heat a stone;
Go heat it red—I'll swallow it!

W. P.

POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON IX.—The Managing Mama.



WHAT is this?
This is a managing mama, darling.
Why a "managing mama?"
Because she is managing or trying to manage.
To do what?
To marry off her daughters.
My! that is a huge undertaking!
Mountainous, my precious.
But those seven gawks lagging behind her?
Sh! Those, dear, are her charming and accomplished daughters.

But that sallow old girl with the giglamps and stiff neck?

That, my precious, is Mathilde, the literary light of the family.

How "literary?"

Well, Mathilde has read Swinburne and Herbert Spencer, knows two professors of the Concord School of Philosophy, has published four poems in the Philadelphia Ledger, and can write verse all night long. Besides, Mathilde knows four constellations, Mathilde does, acts in amateur theatricals, and is writing a play.

Gracious! and how old is she?

Just nineteen, sweet.

And who is the wall-eyed young lady with freckles and fever blisters, walking with Mathilde?

That, dear, is Angele, the beauty of the family.

How the "beauty?"

Well, whenever they get up tableaux at the Church, Angele is selected, and that proves it.

How old is Angele?

Just nineteen, love.

And that one immediately behind Mathilde?—the young lady with crooked teeth and a nose like an india-rubber shoe run down at the heel?

That, darling, is Therese.

And what does she do?

She is the good girl of the family—goes to church twice a day, says grace at meals, and works biblemarks for every man she meets.

How old?

Just nineteen.

Next?—the pudding-faced girl with twisted hair?

That is Marie.

Well?

Marie is the flirt of the family. Marie uses slang, and purses up her mouth, smokes cigarettes and makes faces, and always says what an awful bad, naughty girl she has been, and is generally as playful as a kitten.

Old?

Just nineteen, dear.

Next?—the meek little dunc with a figure

like a shad?

Madeleine.

Well, what is the matter with her?

She is the housekeeper of the family. Madeleine can cook right through four cook books; she makes her own dresses.

I could have guessed as much myself.

Sh!—and then Madeleine looks after everything, and sees that everything is right, and oh! well there's no end to the comfort brought about by Madeleine.

She is just nineteen too, I suppose?

Nineteen, last week, darling.

Next?—that bilious scarecrow in the hat?

Sh! that, my precious, is Belle.

Well, what is the chronic trouble with Belle?

Why, Belle has travelled, and she is the wit of the family. When Lord Muffyn was telling a long story to Angele last evening, Belle told him to "saw it off" and "cheese it."

That was very funny.

Yes, dear.

You say she has "travelled?"

Yes, dear.

Where?

Well she has been in Colorado and Chicago and Milwaukee.

Her age?

Just nineteen, sweet.

Well, now tell me about that poor little consumptive with gold teeth.

That, dear, is Celeste.

Nineteen?

Just.

Any miraculous talent?

Yes, darling.

What?

A "voice."

Cultivated?

Well, Signor Tutti Frutti di Vermicelli says that he thinks about 200 lessons will "develope" it.



THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

Mr. Tralala (to Barber after enjoying a hair cut and his first shave and receiving his "check"): I THINK YOU 'VE MADE A MISTAKE. IS N'T A SHAVE 20 CENTS?

Barber (deprecatingly): REALLY, I COULDN'T THINK OF CHARGING FOR THAT, SIR.

How much does he charge a lesson?

Six dollars.

Has anybody ever heard Celeste sing?

No, dear.

Why?

Well the Signor says she might injure her throat, if she sang much while yet so young.

She is nineteen?

Exactly.

It is a remarkable family when you come to know their points?

Very.

You learn the points in confidence from mama?

Yes, dear, in strict confidence.

Otherwise you might think them a precious lot of muffs?

Possibly.

Do you think the managing mama will succeed?

If she does not, it will not be her fault.

WISDOM.

IN the clear strawberry weather,
When the sun in splendor shone,
Maud and I went out together,
Roaming through a woodland zone;
She was fair, and I was spoony,—
She was wise, and I was not;
For a fellow 's always looney
When soft hair with gold is shot.

Ah, her hands were white and slender,
And her voice was like the song
Of a bird, whose sleepy, tender
Carol thrills the air along;
And I thought her like the lily,
Swaying with the restless tide;
If the simile seem silly,
Think that she was by your side,—

That the air was cool and fragrant,
And your face was softly fanned
By a tress, that breezes vagrant
Loosed from out its azure band:
Think the path was lone and narrow,
And quite willing to eclipse
All the world save some pert sparrow,
When she turned to you her lips.

Think of this, and then remember
That May's supple, winsome grace
Makes short work of wise December,
When backed by a pretty face;
And then vow that I'm a softy,
Just because the papers say
That your servant and Maud Lofty
Soon will travel Hymen's way.

Do I like my mess of pottage?
Maud is handsome as a peach,
And the owner of a cottage
At Nantasket on the beach,—
Is well-read, and shrewd, and witty,
And has all the points to match;
So I doubt if in the city
I could find a better catch.

Do n't be heavy on a fellow—
Wait till Love shall play his hand;
Some fine day when skies are mellow,
You will bow to his command,—
Yes, and think, oh, scorning mortal,
That the acme of all bliss
Is to wait beside the portal
That you open with a kiss.

THOS. S. COLLIER.



THE Messrs. Holt have Leisure Hours as well as Leisure Moments, the year round. They have recently added to their popular Series "Master Biel and his Workman," by Berthold Auerbach. This story, the last that Auerbach wrote, is the romance of a "Company of United Shoemakers." It is not in the author's most imaginative vein—the title would indicate that—but it is thoroughly imbued with the German sentiment of Auerbach, with some American enterprise thrown in by way of coloring.

"THE Miseries of Fo Hi," says the preface, "comes to us straight from China like the vases and images with which we decorate our mantels." This at once creates a doubt in our minds as to the genuineness of Fo Hi's miseries, for are we not warned that a large part of the bric-a-brac we call Chinese and clutter our houses with is manufactured right here in New York, and not by the pig-tailed Celestials of Mott Street either, but by native born Yankees? Francisque Sarcey is responsible for the French version of this story and Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co. of Chicago for its appearance in America. Fo Hi was the weak son of a weak father. Instead of going into trade as his ancestors before him, he sought official position, hence his miseries. No alderman on his bench was more oppressed by the cares of office than Fo Hi, and he only learned when too late that happiness for him would have been found in selling "rice and pepper and spices," after the manner of his father, and other than reeling off red tape from an office chair.

THE fact that Mr. Ruskin has written the preface to "The Story of Ida" will be the attraction for people to buy the book, but when they once own it they will read it for the story's sake. Ruskin is something like Bachelor Bluff, he loves to growl and to make you think that he is a cross grained old fellow, but away down in his heart there is a spot as soft as the sunny side of a peach. He is just as much touched as the tenderest hearted woman by this story of the little Florentine sufferer, and he has gone over it with gentle hands and prepared it for the press. It is a true story written by a lady who nursed the child on her death bed. The etching that forms the frontispiece is a portrait of Ida and shows her to have possessed a rare and *spirituel* beauty. The lives in which the public are interested, says Mr. Ruskin with his usual illogic, are scarcely ever worth writing. Of course this is not true, nor is it true that the lives we need to have written for us "are of people whom the world has not thought of—far less heard of,—who are yet doing the most of its work, and of whom we may learn how it can best be done." This is thoroughly Ruskinian with the *sound*, but no more of common sense. (John Wiley & Sons.)

THE REASON.

ON land and sea reposes
The moonshine cold and white,
The perfume of the roses
Fills all the air of night.

The breeze is running riot
O'er Ocean's distant blue;
No sounds disturb our quiet,
Our solitude for two.

In one harmonious chorus
Night's voices all seem blent,
Night's charm is stealing o'er us,
And yet,—we're not content.

'T is not that love has vanished
'T is not that we forget,
'T is not that hope is banished
And leaves us but regret.

Our thoughts are far asunder
As earth and Ocean's pearls,—
It is n't any wonder,
You see we *both* are girls!

SOPHIE ST. G. LAWRENCE.

SHAKSPEARIAN NOTES.

SHYLOCK is a fair exemplification of how pound foolish a man may be.

"SEASON your admiration for a while" is rather a spicy way of putting it.

IT is yet to be decided if Hanlan is "the noblest Rowman of them all."

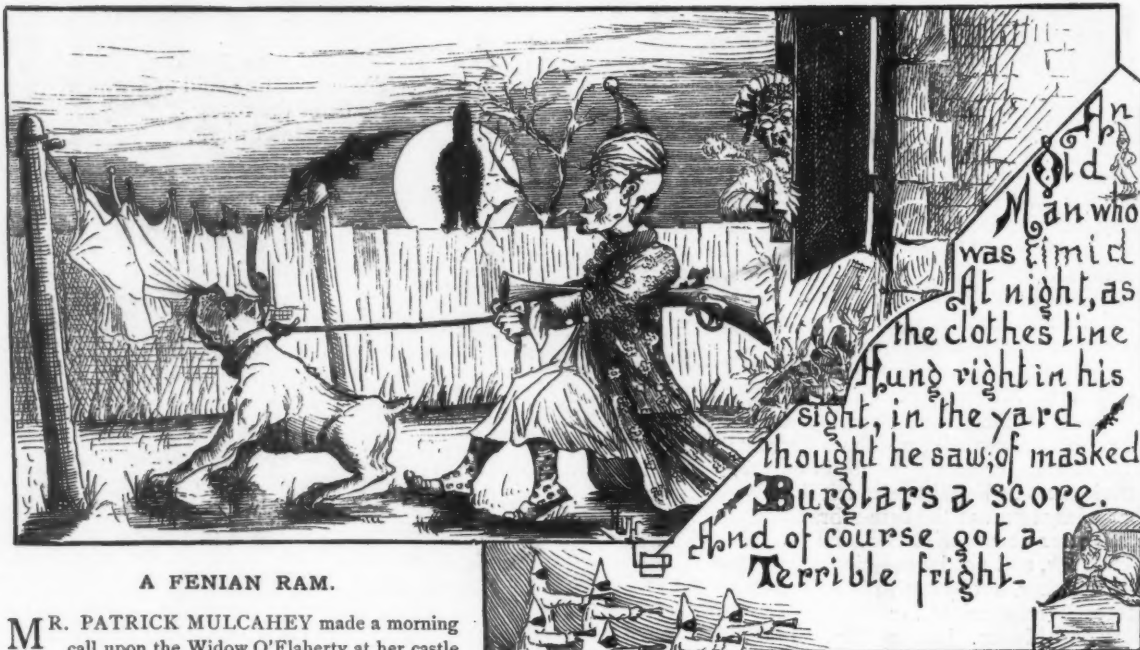
WHEN Hamlet said "But I have that within, which passeth show," it is believed that he had in his pocket a complimentary ticket to the circus.

"AND he that stands upon a slippery place makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up" would be an appropriate motto for Mr. Dorsey's log cabin.

HAMLET was probably on a fishing excursion when he said "The air bites shrewdly" and the inference is that he was successful in "catching cold."

"FOR ever and for ever farewell, Cassius. If we do meet again, why we shall smile," said Brutus, and how pleasant it is to contemplate that "age does not wither nor custom stale" this delightful habit of "smiling" when friends meet.

PHILIP H. WELCH.



A FENIAN RAM.

MR. PATRICK MULCAHEY made a morning call upon the Widow O'Flaherty at her castle on the rocks in the upper part of this city. He was attired in his best, and the preliminaries of politeness between the distinguished guest and the superb *chatelaine* were all that the occasion could call for.

"I kem to ax yez," then remarked the Mulcahey, "phwat ye're willin' to do for the cause this mornin'."

"Phwat cause is that, now, Misther Mulcahey?"

"An' phwat should it be, mim, but the cause av ould Oireland."

"Sure an' I'm gittin toired, sor. Manny's the dime, an' manny's the dollar I've paid in till the cause; but still they do be shootin' an' hangin' the byes, an' the bloody Saxin gits fat on the best blood av ould Oireland."

"It won't be fur long now, Misthress O'Flaherty. We're raisin' a fund to pay fur a ram."

"A ram, is it? An' phwat wud yez be doin' wid a ram?"

"A ram, Misthress O'Flaherty, wud butt the shtuffin' out av the biggest ironclad that iver floated, an' sink the British navy quicker'n a thirsty man wud take a drink, an' shwape the bloody Saxin from the says."

"It's a quare notion intoirely, sor. Is it a ram that wud shwim in the say?"

"In the say, an' over the say, an' undher the say, Misthress O'Flaherty. An' thin, mim, it's so aisy to kape whin wance we git it. Only a coal oil can, as I may say."

"Thru fur yez, Mr. Mulcahey. Or a tematy can, or anny other kind av a can, wid a few yards av thayater bills fur lunch."

"Phwat will yez give, thin, Misthress O'Flaherty?"

"If it's a ram will do the wurruk, sor, I'll take the whole ixpinse on mesilf."

"The whole ixpinse? Do yez know phwat ye're sayin', mim?"

"Throth an' I do, sor. I'll give the last bit av propherty I've got to the cause av ould Oireland. I'll give yez Teddy, me own billygoat, the pride av Shantytown, an' I pity the Saxin that wud shtand fornenst him. Look at him, sor, as he climbs the rocks! By the same token, Misther Mulcahey, ye'd better shlip quietly dune the back way, as Teddy has set his two eyes on yez, an' he'd butt the last board off the shanty but phwat he'd git at yez."

As Mr. Mulcahey tumbled down the cliff, the fair *chatelaine* consoled him with a promise to keep the ram until he should call for it.

THE TWO SISTERS.

I.

DOWN in the lilacs one spring day
I found Miss Nell, and with her
The mischief Maud—they, in mad sport,
Chased butterflies together.

II.

I caught a glorious yellow one,
And begged a kiss in payment.
The little witch refused point-blank,
And laughed at my dismayment.

III.

Green envy stung me to the quick;
I quickly caught and kissed her.
—'Twas very pleasant, but, I own,
I'd rather kiss her sister.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

AN ugly and disgraceful rumor is in circulation that David Davis wears corsets.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A CLOTHING dealer advertises "ready-made children's suits." Children of this sort are supposed not to be very particular about clothing.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"My wife's sister out in Injanna, is dead, and she's wearing mournin', and she thought it'd be more appropriate like to use black tea for a while now.—*Marathon Independent.*

WHITE trousers will again be in style this summer, a fortunate thing for the dudes, as they can buy them cheap at any grocery. Macaroni stems do n't cost much.—*Philadelphia News.*

PROFESSOR HARRIS, of the Concord School of Philosophy, says: "That which should be continued by its environment might be still finite if it could arrive at an environment of a different kind, which did not continue it." And right in the face of this statement the telegraph operators struck.—*Hartford Post.*

YOUNG B. carried a piece to Gondinet and asked him to note with a cross the scenes that appeared to him to be defective. Some days afterward Gondinet returned the manuscript.

"Not a single cross, dear master!"
"No; your comedy would look like a cemetery!"
—*French.*

SPEAK gently; especially to the big man with a round head and a square neck and two big fists like ancient stone hammers. Speak gently to him. You may touch some long hidden chord of sympathy in his hardefied breast that may cause him to pass you by uncashed. But the little white-faced man on crutches—oh, you may sass him all the way round the block.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

AN Apache buck was called "a bad Indian" because he had killed his mother, wife, and papoose. He complained to the Indian agent: "They don't treat me fair. They call me 'bad Indian.' They say I killed my mother. Yes, I did, but I did it because she was too old to work. Then they say I killed my wife. I did that because she was too sick to work. They talk about my killing my papoose. Well, I did that too, but it cried too much and I couldn't sleep. I am 'good Indian,' not 'bad Indian.'"—*Boston Post.*

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